

MOUNTAIN

ECHOES



JULY

AUGUST

1965

MOUNTIAN ECHOES

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. MacLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmates and public.

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No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Administration or Echoes Staff.

P R E V I E W

We hope you will accept this change from the usual, it is speedier, also permitting us to catch up on publication, and allowing the time needed to get our press in running order for the August issue.

Our feature article is to be found on page 17, being a reprint from The Prison Mirror, covering a talk given by G. Favreau, former Minister of Justice for Canada.

The Guest Editorial is from staff, next month we will hear from Steve Bolonchuck.

Report of our rainy July 1st. commences on page 6.

For science fiction fans a story from Jack Wannop, well worth reading, S.F. fan or not.

A bit of prose and verse for those of this bent. W.F.V.B.'s, 'Hard Time' being a good example of the common sense reasoning we wish in more down to earth articles in future issues.

The movie section is in the center of the issue, this section was originally held for a French section which we hope to see materialize in the near future.

The Blood Donors Clinic, Shops, Library Corner, Farm Annex-Native Brotherhood, (missed out in May-June - sorry fellows) and some lighter materials will be found throughout the issue.

New things to come in August: Letters to the Editor will be welcomed from all readers, and as many as possible will be given mag space.

The Sniper, will bring some wit and interest pertaining to daily happenings in and around the institution.

Sports not in this issue will be covered in full.

Thanks for all material submitted, keep on delivering the goods as we hope to continue publishing far into the future.

BON VIVANT until August

K

E D I T O R
T H E
R E M A R K S

July 1st., 1965 marks the 98th. anniversary of the meeting of the Father's of Confederation. Some refer to it as Canada's 98th., birthday, others say it's 400 or 500 years since Canada's birth and some say her first birthday has not yet been reached. So be it; it matters not.

Canada whether born or in the process, is a democracy of outstanding merits among democracies. The Canadian democracy offers us certain rights and liberties, often called Civil Liberties.

The principal ones being:

Freedom of Speech and of the Press.

Freedom of Assembly.

The Right of Petition.

Freedom of Worship.

Equality before the Law.

The Right to Vote and Freedom to Vote.

The Right of Free Association.

However, there are men and women who feel that they are restricted in their practice of these freedoms. These people represent the other side of the coin of Canadian or any other democracy. When a citizen is granted rights and liberties, he must also be given responsibilities in protecting them; such responsibilities are usually the basis for the dissenters argument. The century old words of the Englishman, John Stuart Mill still hold truth and warning; "A people may prefer a free government but if, from indolence, or carelessness, or cowardice, or want of public spirit, they are unequal to the exertions necessary for preserving it..... they are unlikely to enjoy it."

Let us then guard zealously what is ours, this July 1st., nurturing it carefully to ever greater summits amid the democracies; setting

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GUEST EDITORIAL
W.C. Cowperthwaite RTI (Ed)

A CASE for EDUCATION

While reading the Want Ads in a recent Winnipeg paper it struck me that the education required for most jobs these days was quite substantial.

As an Educational Officer at Stony Mountain I had heard very often of men who had been unable to obtain adequate work sometimes because of their record, but often the work was unattainable, WHY?

The answer was somewhat clarified by the test results of a recent group of newcomers. Nearly half had less than Grade 3 education, the remainder had Grade 8 or less. These figures are practically true of the whole penitentiary, only a minority have some high school or higher

The Want Ads echoed the monotonous phrase minimum Grade 10, for truck drivers, warehouse men and similar other occupations. A single fact loomed quite large, how do the good jobs come to those released from here with less than Grade 10?

Education is not something you can buy, it does not come to those who wait; it cannot be purchased with box-tops and trading stamps. Education is however obtainable with hard work and a great deal of time. It is rewarding. A University Graduate earns a \$100,000.00 more in a lifetime than a High School Graduate, how much more is the difference for those with less education?

Although facilities may be meagre in certain areas an adequate education is possible. It may be debated how much an advanced specialized educational program would lower recidivism. If a man has the skills and education to obtain work will he return to the penitentiary?

The argument is plain, despite the fact that

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JULY 1ST

And the rains came! Oh yes they did! All day long Mother Nature wept over her various domestic problems or some other small matter, but the real vent of pent up feelings did not pour forth until early evening. It may have had many good intentions behind it, - if so, here at the Mountain this good intent was totally lost. For the efforts of T. Lee and Ron W. and the sports day committee were a total wash-out for what appeared on the planning table as a bang up program of out-doors athletic activities and novelty events for the less athletic.

Oh yes it rained! Our organizers may have been downed for the moment but not for the count of ten; old Cassius Clay Nature found that out readily enough. Though kicked in the teeth they would not be beaten.

A hot-dog stand, ice cream center and soft drink dispensing unit soon appeared in various convenient locations in locker room, gym and hall way, to serve the populace. Just as rapidly, as if by magic baton, card tables blossomed forth on the gym floor and the proverbial rainy day Bingo cards were brought out. Excitement and tensions rose as Lou Licastro began the day with: "Two lines anyway, Eyes down for your first Bingo, and the first number is, Under the". So the day began, and the count of ten against the weather started to a final victory at the close of the day. Prizes were a pound box of chocolates for games 1 to 3, with games 4, 8 etc. being alternately a 4 dozen box of five cent bars and a 2 dozen box of ten centers. Every hour a lucky program number was called, the lucky holder getting a box of chocolates.

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The afternoon offered a variation, organized on the spur of the moment by two of our more versatile members at such times. This being a hootenanny amateur hour with Lou Licastro as MC and Johnny Nolan as co-ordinator.

The DOMECATS, or NORMY HARRIS' group gave the first number and also supplied background music for several other numbers. These fellows are very popular with the entire population, especially when their vocalist WAYNE BOIVIN or instrumentalist JOE DAVE give forth with a bit of their own. Sure dig Wayne's singing, it's the most.

Two young hopefuls, THE STONE AGERS, ROBERT DAGDICK and JIM VIVIER gave out with 'All My Lovin,' a little more practice and they may export you to Britain, instead of considering deportation to..... ahwhere was it????? All joking aside, the Shaggy-dog-look is all that's needed and the big pay cheque could follow.

WHAT CAME NEXT????? The best candidates yet for this well named group, THE DELIN-QUINTS, JIMMY BROUSSEAU, WAYNE BRAYSHAW, JIM VAN MEER, WILLIAM FIELDS, GARFIELD SOULSBY, with a different though almost recognizable rendition of Bob and Jim's number, 'All My Lovin.' As The Delin-quints they're a real lovin' group, and will all go some place as time goes by but w - h - e - r - e ? ? ? ? ?

JOCK 'The PLUMBER' all the way by air from the Land of Sunset, good old B.C. changed the tempo with 'Carribean,' which drew a commendable round of applause. JOHN DESROSIERS one of our artists on the keyboard did a fine job of 'Tommy Dorsey Blues.' Too bad our sound equipment could not have been prearranged to give this number better amplification. No complaints men, you did a 100% job all things considered, just commenting on the only thing lacking in this number. RICK JOHNSON backed by (I think; for he held it.

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WE'RE

ALL

CANADIANS

We are brothers to the mountains and the sea;
The prairies are our playground wide and free;
Our birthright is a nation, fashioned by God's
hand,
And the charter of our freedom is the aegis of
our land-

For

we're

all

Canadians!

Latin, Saxon, Celt and Norman - let each reign;
Plant each seed of racial splendor - sift the grain:

In the furrows traced by time,
Ours will be a race sublime-

For

we're

all

Canadians!

Light of star shall guide our bark,
Through the mazes of the dark;
And the sun shall kiss our sails in the morn,
As we put to port, a Nation newly born-

For

we're

All

Canadians!

Credit: The Collected Poems of Thomas O'Hagan
Publisher: McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Ont.

1922

THE PAST SPEAKS

The silver ship "Brotherhood" slowly sank to a jarring stop on a bleak space of pitted concrete. Dural, Toth, Bani and Rama laid still for a few minutes, then, in a fury of activity they secured the ship.

Dural gathered his log and the vacuum bottle of ancient manuscripts. He then left the ship, preceded by the other three. When he emerged in the golden sunlight there was a tumult of noise rising from the ground. Looking down he saw people; his people, young and old. His feeling played across his face, he smiled with happiness at being home among his own people; then his smile turned to a sad mournful look because of what he brought; a horrible history in a vacuum bottle.

He gave a resigned smile to his companions and started down the elevator of the gantry which rolled up to the ship. When he and his companions reached the bottom, they straightened into poses of attention. Dural took two steps to his Commanding Officer, saluted.

"Captain Dural, crew reporting a successful search, Sir." he stated crisply.

"Very good, Captain," Commander Pandu said. "I will escort you and your crew to the Mahatma."

Commander Pandu turned and started away, Dural and his shipmates followed. They walked across the concrete to the cars along the side; when they were settled in the seats of the spacious car Pandu spoke into the activator. "To the Matha."

The vehicle moved out and wound its way through the moderate traffic of the great city which bespoke of the peace which the people of this world had found.

They arrived at the Matha, a great monastic building overlooking the city they had just passed through. Alighting, they walked up the

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stairs and entered. Traversing the halls and galleries, always rising as they passed from one to the other, until they emerged on the roof and saw the Mahatma sitting upon a rug, motionless, yielding an effect of some ancient portrait of vibrant color.

"Dural, my son," called the Mahatma in a voice which was touched with a great quality of quietude. "You have found our planet of origin?"

"Yes, Gurdev," answered Dural. "We found it by accident. Our Hypernic Coils weren't functioning right and we landed on the first habitable planet we came to. We landed and while Rama looked after the coils, Toth, Bani and I looked at some of the ruins and discovered these papers. We read a little of them and knew that our search had ended; so we came home. Here are the papers."

Dural handed the Mahatma the bottle, slowly he released the top and took out the papers, handled them reverently, read them; as he did so a tear emerged from his eye and he took off his metal rimmed glasses and wiped them.

"Sound for a public assemble!" he exclaimed, in a voice which sounded far away.

When all was ready, and the people of all the cities of this peaceful world assembled in their various forums, the communication tele-con was placed before him.

After a few introductory remarks of how Dural and his crew after experiencing engine trouble, had set down on a planet and the ultimate discovery of the papers. He then took up the papers and read.

"This day, March 7th., in the year one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine, the war is in its second week and already the people of this world are sick with radiation poison. Last week, two experimental space craft with two hundred people took off. They had the foresight

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to see the ultimate end of an all-out war on this world. The people who escaped this disaster were of high ideals and of sound judgement; holding to the principles of the Universal Judge. I hope that they live to carry on the human race without bigotry and prejudice which we have had up until now. I hope that they come back in the future and see what bigotry, hate and corruption can do to a race.

This is the reason I write this; to explain to you what has happened here, and that you may guard against it.

My strength fails me and nausea is returning so I will seal this in a bottle along with knowledge I have compiled from the greatest religions man has ever made, ~~the~~ Bible, the Koran, the Bhagavad Gita, and the Golden Rule of Life.

The Mahatma stopped, letting the words he had just read penetrate the minds of his people

"Here then is his manuscript." he said, in a hushed voice; "Hear and judge its merit."

"First: The viewpoint of Universal Brotherhood should have norms.

1. To perform action just from the point of view of benefiting mankind.

2. To perform acts, devoid of attachment, being desirous of helping mankind.

3. Having subdued all the erotic passions and having found peace, one should bring this peace to mankind.

4. Strive to be free from pride and false conceit, the evils of attachment conquered ever devoted to spiritual knowledge, desire completely pacified, liberated from the pairs of opposites known as pleasure and pain.

With these as the basis and the Golden Rule:

'Treat others as you want them to treat you. Mankind will succeed to be one family with God ruling over them as a Father.

The Mahatma's voice was heard by the people

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HARD TIME

By - W. F. V. B.

A remark was made to me the other day about "hard time" and it occurred to me that this state of mind does not necessarily have to mean time in prison, but don't misunderstand me, no one enjoys being confined in an institution and having his freedom taken from him. But isn't it true that "hard time" can be done on the street as well as jail? I am sure we all at one time or another have found ourselves in a situation where the difficulties have seemed almost insurmountable, and no doubt it was times such as these that we have run afoul of the law, and found ourselves in our present surroundings.

I have taken notice while waiting for trial, that perhaps a few days before appearing there was a definite mounting of tension in the cells. No one saying very much, chain smoking, or pacing the corridor, and the young chap with the inevitable question "What do you think I'll get?" This "hard time" is no doubt caused by uncertainty, a state of mind that is brought on by the trial.

But after court and everyone is back after sentencing, there is almost a feeling of relief. The barrier of fear has been crossed, once more the card playing starts, laughter is once more heard, perhaps not too heartily, but the "hard time" is over. The uncertainty is gone, you realize what you have to do, and you start to adjust to it.

I realize that many of us have loved ones somewhere, and even with all our fellow prisoners, one can become unbearably lonely, and it takes very little to slip into a pit of despair.

Fortunately these "hard times" are of short duration if you wish to do something about it.

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Try doing something constructive to-ward the
day of our release think of the good things
outside that we can have if we want to so some-
thing about it. Keep busy at our hobbies or
whatever we may be doing in our cells. Get that
grey matter thinking in the positive vein and
you'll find there is no time for "hard time."

Look

to this

day,

For it is

the very life

of life.

In its brief couce

lie all the verities

and realities

of your existence.

The glory

of action,

The bliss

of growth,

The splendor

of beauty,

For yesterday

is but a dream

and tomorrow

is only a vision.

But today

well lived

Makes every yesterday

a dream of happiness,

and every tomorrow

a vision of hope.

Look well,

therefore,

to this day.

Sanskrit

COMMITTEE MOVIE LIST for month
of AUGUST. COLUMBIA PICTURES.

Sports Office,
July 24th, 1965.

August 7th:	Bridge on the River Kwai	Cartoon
14th:	Die Dill Darling	2 Reeler
21st:	The Wild Westerners	Single & Featurette
28th:	Code 7 : Victim 5	Single & 2 Reeler

COMMITTEE MOVIE LIST for month

Sept.	4th:	3 Stooges Meet Hercules	Cartoon & 2 Reeler
	11th:	Lawrence of Arabia	Cartoon
	18th:	Pirates of Blood River	Cartoon & 2 Reeler
	25th:	East of Sudan	Cartoon, Single & 2 Reeler.

W. J. Hancock

W. J. Hancock,
Supervisor of Recreation.

L O Y A L T Y

He may be six kinds of a liar;
He may be ten kinds of a fool,
He may be a wicked high flyer
Beyond any reason or rule;
There may be a shadow above him
Of ruin and woes to impend,
And I may not respect, but I love him,
Because - well, because he's my friend.

I know he has faults by the billion,
But his faults are a portion of him;
I know that his records vermillion,
And he's far from the sweet Seraphim;
But he's always been square with yours truly,
Ready to give or to lend,
And if he is wild and unruly,
I like him - because he's my friend.

I criticize him, but I do it
In just a frank, comradely key,
And back biting gossips will rue it
If ever they knock him to me!
I never made diagrams of him,
No maps of his soul have I penned;
I don't analyze - I just love him,
Because - well, because he's my friend.

Author: Berton Braley
Credit: Pocket Book of Popular Verse

PENAL EXCHANGE

CREDIT: Prison Mirror

Minnesota State Prison

CRITICISM OF CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS IS HEALTHY

The Honorable Guy Favreau, former Minister of Justice for Canada, said in an address recently that the exposure of the faults of Canada's penal institutions by the press is "healthy" and "fruitful."

He explained, "For without the constant and constructive interest of our great information media, our penal system, like every other penal activity, is condemned to decadent methods and abandoned personal responsibilities."

In his address, at a special corrections meeting in Montreal, Favreau attempted to charge "all Canadians...to illuminate fearlessly and relentlessly the faults of Canada's whole approach to lawbreakers."

(Many of Favreau's statements are as pertinent to Minnesota's and the United States penal problems as to Canada's.) Here are other excerpts from the Justice Minister's address:

"I believe that the leading principle of correction must be the protection of society through the rehabilitation of delinquents. Every correctional system aims, of course, to protect society. But often the fundamental agreement of all authorities on this aim is blurred by a false contradiction between those who emphasize the punishment of delinquents and those who wish only to reform them; between those whose first preoccupation is public order and those who care above all for the regeneration of the individual."

PUNISHMENTS

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"Punishment protects the community in the immediate by imprisoning the offender or by keeping him under intensive supervision; in each case, punishment implies a loss of liberty designed to eliminate or restrict opportunities for the offender to harm society again.

But it must be observed that, in the long run punishment promises society no real security. The only lasting way to prevent offenders from falling back into crime-unless we imprison them for life-is to change their anti-social attitudes. This technique seeks first to convince the delinquent that he can fulfill himself as an individual, as a member of his family, and as a member of his community; then it seeks to guarantee him the practical preparation for re-entering society, and the essence of rehabilitation.

RE-EDUCATION

"The just sentence is that which restrains the physical person in order to free the moral person.

"At bottom this aim of liberation is not different from the aim that should inspire society as a whole. Freeing the inborn talents of each citizen, opening to each personality the way to complete fulfillment, means the calming of all the psychological and moral tensions which threaten the community."

"For the anti-social man is a flouted man he is a man who has lost the hope of fulfilling himself with a legality to which his values are not adjusted. If we content ourselves with vengeance against such an individual, we also give up the community's protection as soon as the gesture of punishment has ended. If, on the other hand, we seek to salvage him and reorient him positively, we do more than protect society we enrich it.

VALUE OF A PERSON

"This whole argument rests, obviously, on a faith in the intrinsic value of every human

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BLOOD

DONORS

CLINIC

JULY 15, 1965

REPORTER ~ Robert Laycock

At one o'clock Tuesday, July 15, 1965, members of the Canadian Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic, graced the interior of our auditorium in our little bastion on the roc. This is the 15th year since their first visit here, and they usually make visits two times a year.

The entire group consisted of, two Registered Nurses, eight Nurses Aids, two Transport Operators, and three ladies for taking down data required to type blood and enter records.

Nine (how lucky can you get) fellows from our population were assigned to help out the nurses and clerks during the clinic.

I for one want to thank them for all they did, to make the clinic run smoothly and efficiently. These thanks go to:

J. Houle

J. Vivier

T. Randall

C. Dupont

S. Gudge

C. Tolton

C. Montgomery

K. Allen

J. Wannop

With 265 donors and 14 turned down, we were three under last years donors. Thanks to one and all who contributed to this worthy cause. Like the saying, 'The pint of blood you give may save your own life or that of a loved one.'

So until next donation time, thanks and farewell.

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person. To believe in rehabilitation, one must believe in the deep-seated dignity of the individual - whatever his past may be. If one does not believe in this dignity, one denies the major premise of all Western civilization:

"Whenever public opinion sees only the horror of the criminal act and not the history of the delinquent soul, it naturally seeks merely to punish."

"We must show... how humane conduct is moulded by poverty, sickness, mental deficiency, ignorance or a childhood marred by cruelty, hate, divorce and alcoholism; we must show them the grotesque deformation of character which results from punishment which is blindly vengeful; we must show them, finally, how humane treatment, confidence, and modern scientific care can salvage an individual apparently wicked by nature, and return him to civil society transformed and grateful."

1913 .. IN LIGHTER VEIN

CREDIT:

The Diamond

Hommy, the power mower just cut off my foot.
Stay outside till it stops bleeding. I just mopped the floor.

Daddy, is Rotterdam a bad word?

No, son.

Good. My teacher has poison ivy and I hope it'll Rotterdam arm off.

More next issue, when more space permitting.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Anyone entering the garage recently will notice something different, namely a racket of considerable volume coming from the south-east corner. This is not a riot or someone gone berserk in a boiler factory, but the students of the first Auto Body Repair Course busy at the job of removing dents and kinks etc., from various damaged vehicles.

This course started on May 26, 1965, under the capable direction of instructor Mr. Max Prychitko, a qualified Auto Body Mechanic, with considerable experience in this field both in Canada, the United States and the aircraft industry.

For ten months trainees will be engaged in a program similar to that conducted by M.I.T. This time may be credited towards apprenticeship and it is our sincere hope that many trainees will carry on with this trade on release and receive journeyman qualifications.

To lay out the entire course outline would take more space than is available; however a brief description follows.

Oxyacetylene welding, brazing, cutting, and the use of equipment.

Body repair including metal forming, shaping and shrinking.

Removal and replacement of doors, windows, windshields, hardware etc.

Spray painting, techniques, care and use of equipment, enamels, lacquer, masking etc.

Estimating of repair and painting jobs encountered in collision work.

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In addition all trainees must attend school and Related Training to take the necessary Math English, Trade Science and Blueprint Reading.

Training in Auto Body Repair has been in big demand for a considerable time and it is regretted that all applicants cannot be accomodated.

As any of the trainees on the Auto Body Course will testify the major requirements on this course are a capacity for hard work, good physical condition and at least a Grade 8 standing in Maths and English.....

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as he continued to read a manuscript written so long ago. What he read was not new to his people for they lived the life as the writer had visioned and set to on the paper.

When the Mahatma ended reading the papers, he picked up a final sheet, a sort of dedication sheet. From this he read;

"I Peter Volesco, was sentenced to this penitentiary for breaking the rules of society and the Laws of God. I pay for breaking man-made rules here on earth in this cell; for breaking the Laws of God, I ask to be judged according to the merit of my acts and rely on a compassionate and loving God."

The sun shines golden on the New Earth, and in the Matha the Mahatma, Pandu, Dural and his crew and all the people who heard the words wept softly for one long dead, who found the Way of Perfect Peace and Contentment.

J. Wannop

Written Dec. 1962.

BOOK REVIEW

Last month, I was asked to write an article for each publication of the Mountain Echoes about one of our many books here in the Library. This book is to be our selection called Book of the Month.

This month the book chosen is entitled, "A Journey to Matecumbe," by Robert Lewis Taylor.

"A Journey to Matecumbe," is a big, exciting story about a young boy's wildly funny, often hair-raising flight down the Mississippi to a precarious haven in the Florida Keys just after the Civil War. The assortment of villains in pursuit, the southern Ku Klux Klansmen, hostile Indians, ruthless spies and imposters delights the reader almost as much as the lad's extravagant and frequently accidental companions on his journey - his swashbuckling Uncle Jim, an itinerant medicine man named Dr. Ewing T. Snodgrass and his trombone-playing daughter Millie; a Negro retainer, Zebediah; and a sharp-tongued southern belle named Laurette.

Their narrow escapes, their pitched battles, disguises, and superb ruses amid plots and counterplots, hurricanes, imprisonment, kidnapping, leprosy and unexpected treachery on every side makes this a tale of high adventure spun at break-neck pace against a series of exotic backgrounds.

Davey Burnie, Mr. Taylor's hero and narrator is a literary first cousin to Huck Finn, and Tom Jones. From one adventure to another, he travels with his colorful friends by skiff, flatboat, horseback, steamboat, stage line, schooner, rail-road and Indian canoe. The place names alone suggests the rightness of the background, which has been thoroughly researched and accurate in every detail. Fictitious names mingle

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NATIVE BROTHERHOOD - FARM ANNEX

APPRECIATION EVENING

On the evening of Thursday, May 13th, the Native Brotherhood held their second annual Appreciation Evening. Approximately 25 guests attended. Chairman for the meeting was Noah Meskapow, Rev. Brandt opened the meeting with an Indian Prayer.

Mr. Orlesky welcomed the guests, then Noah called on the group's secretary Adam Brandt as the first speaker. Adam told of the progress of the group since it was first founded.

Prof. Bernard Hill then spoke of the many and varied problems which had beset the Indian from his early battling of the elements to his present struggle to co-exist with the white man.

Director of the Friendship Center Miss. Joan Cuthand, spoke of the Center's program and how it was organized to meet the demands of its young people. Mentioning various projects in operation at this time.

Dr. Pincock, spoke on tolerance, not only in regards to alcohol but also in facing ones every day problems.

Ray, a former member of the Brotherhood, said each man should do all he can while here to prepare himself for a future more to his liking and on a level with the society in which he is expected to fit, prepared or not.

Mr. Orlesky, said that the only man who could be changed was the man who was willing to co-operate and aid in such a program because he realized that this was what he wanted. He showed how Educational Films followed by discussion had helped somewhat. He stressed, "The most important factor in helping the man, is in the improvement of the self-image."

The evening was closed with an informal dinner and social get-together.

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though we didn't hear it) FRED D. on the banjo in their arrangement of 'Tom Dooley.' Next was a man who chooses very carefully to give his styling and presentation the best possible reception, VICTOR SINGING 'Lucky Old Sun.' JIMMY LARIVIERE no stranger to our stage gave his popular, 'I Believe.' JOHN BILESKEI, out-Beatled the Beatles and outswung the Domecats, with his Ukrainian number: drawing such a round of applause that none needed to await the judging to hear who had first prize. If a coke or two does that John, we wonder what potatoe champagne produces. The background music was supplied by BLACKIE PELTIER and his boys who along with the Domecats filled this strategic spot, which meant having or not having this entertaining hour. DON McMANUS then sang, 'My Kind of Girl.' The next skill was a very well received selection by JIM BEAULIEU on the guitar. GALE CORRELL, with a talent for spoken verse to a musical background gave a styling of 'Big Bad John,' which drew a good response from the audience, JOHNNY MOLAI whose folk tunes, and hill-billy arrangements have ever proved a hit with music lovers of all ages and likes, proved the further truth of this, if need be by the applause he received following his, 'Yuh Awl Come and See Us Now and Then.' The last entertainer was not in the competition and called most impromptuously by Johnny at the close of his song, none other than the M.C. LOU LICASTRO, who gave a fitting close by singing, 'Without a Song.'

The contestants were then called on stage either singly or by group as the case may be and the audience round of response was used to gage their position in the only event of the day. First Prize as already hinted went to John Bileski, Second to 'The Domecats' and Third to Jim Beaulieu.

The day was brought to a close by several fast games of single and double line Bingos to

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TID BITS from PAST ECHOES



Thanks to R.G.T.

An inmate walked up four flights of stairs one day and then climbed over the railing, preparing to leap head-first to the floor fifty feet below. As he screamed his intentions a crowd gathered. The guards and inmates, heads craned upward, waited and watched. Someone in the back row bellowed, "Two to one he don't jump." At this moment, a keeper stepped forth, from the crowd and yelled at the inmate. "We just finished scrubbing this floor and if you think for one minute you're going to mess it up, you'd better think again. Now get the hell down from there and go back to work." The crowd dispersed, and the inmate went back to work, probably thinking that he would have to get there before they scrubbed next week.

Another incident which really appealed to my sense of humor, was when five inmates conspired to concoct a real hair-straightener jail-house brew. They patiently awaited its maturity before they indulged. They were extremely proud that "Old Brew-nose," as they called a certain keeper had been unable to locate this "best yet." However, they under-estimated the potential of "Old Brew-nose's" sniffing ability, and were not aware that not only did he know where it was, and who the five future samplers were to be, but he had already added his own special "Brew-nose" - "Laxative." He to was anxiously awaiting the maturity of the brew. On the day of maturity, "Old Brew-nose"

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turned his back and let the five drain all but the glass from the five gallon jar. Then he instructed the custodial staff to keep all five out of their cells during the noon meal, and keep them in the prison dome, where there was but one facility available. Well, if you can imagine five in a hurry trying to sit on one seat, you will appreciate the picture it presented. After the noon meal, they were allowed to go to their respective cells; and no one saw them for a couple of days. When they finally got over the "Brew-nose" special, all five had a peculiar walk, like that of a ballet dancer.

They agreed, to a man, that in the future, the only time they would try another brew would be if "Old Brew-nose" consented to sample it with them.....

LIBRARY CORNER

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with the authentic: Hanksville, Madrid Bend,
Peron Point, Bashey Dell, Sanybel, Big Cypress,
Manatu River, and Matecumbe.

A book highly recommended to those who like light but interesting reading. of top calibre quality by way of language useage and pictures.

HO-HUM-----

Disgruntled Motorist to Filling Station
Attendant: You know that TIGER you put
in my tank last week, well it ate my muff-
ler all up.

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The Editor Remarks.....Continued from Page 4

it ever higher standards for progress and continued good works.

"Those who have responsibilities without rights are slaves; those who have rights without responsibilities are parasites." Quote from George W. Brown's, 'Building the Canadian Nation,' Grade XI text.

As a nation acts so is it judged, thus we as the actors decide the judgment of our country in the eyes of the world.....

Guest Editorial.....Continued from Page 5

often one feels pressured to go to school, it is a necessity. The situation will only become worse, technical development and automation will increase and only those with the education and skill to work, will be able to obtain adequate and satisfactory employment. If you are working towards a successful return to the community, attendance at the institution school or participation in a correspondence course is a good start.....

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use up the excess prizes.

Thus the knock out punch by Old Dame Nature in round one backfired and the final round was ours.

In closing there are many thank yous which should no doubt be given, so to one and all **THANK YOU!** and to Rev. Fr. Bedford who donated to making our day a better one, an extra **THANK YOU**.....

